The Liberalist

VOLUME XXXII NOVEMBER, 1955 Number 8

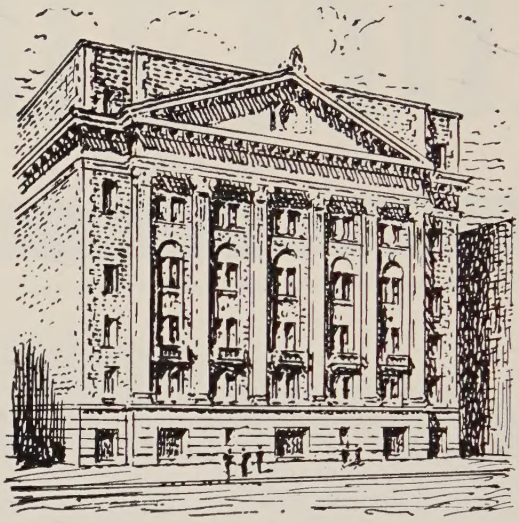
PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

From The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim-band:
Why had they come to winter there,
Away from their childhood's land?

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there
they found.—
Freedom to worship God.

—Felicia D. Hemans



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Books

"HAPPINESS THROUGH CREATIVE LIVING"
"NEW WEALTH FOR YOU"—$1.00
"MEDITATIONS" and "MY DAILY STRENGTH"

Other Books by Dr. Bradley

"Mastering Fear" "Courage For Today" "Life and You"
"Power From Right Thinking"

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

DUBLIN again! What a city! Came down on Ireland's crack non-stop train from Belfast—"The Enterprise"! Beautiful scenery all the way. Before leaving had a farewell tea with the Agnew's and the McCleery's in the Grand Central. They have been so busy this week with the Congress that our usual fellowship has been interrupted, but today we made up for lost time and had one of our old-fashioned get-togethers. I prize their friendship highly and was glad for this opportunity. Staying at the most famous hotel in all Ireland, the old-fashioned, traditional Shelbourne! A book has been written about its history and the famous people who have slept under its roof. Dublin is filled with visitors who are here for the world famous Dublin Horse Show. Went to the Gate Theatre (the National Theatre) tonight and saw one of Shaw's earlier plays—"You Never Can Tell." It was not too impressive and not very well done. Many things done in the play would never have been tolerated by Jimmie had he been directing. I thought of him many times during the play. No one I ever met had a better understanding of the technique of the theatre.

Luncheon at the Shelbourne with the Rev. Hicks and Mrs. Saville. Was overjoyed at seeing them again. Rev. Hicks, for 45 years minister of All Souls' Church in St. Stephen's Green, is the most unusual minister I know; and Mrs. Saville is a devoted and valuable worker in the church as well as a civic and cultural leader in Dublin. She is active as head of the British Legion in the city. To know them is a delightful experience.

This afternoon I called on the mother and two sisters of Mr. Fitzpatrick, who is known and appreciated by every patron of the justly famous Jim Saines Restaurant on Rush St. in Chicago. June and I dine there frequently after Sunday morning services. Its quiet, friendly atmosphere is a welcome environment after a beautiful Sunday morning service. There we became acquainted with the friendly, affable "Pat." When he heard we were going to Dublin he gave us his mother's address and I promised to see his family. Today we kept the promise and I am glad we did, for we found a true Irish welcome from a gracious, lovely old Irish lady who was glad to talk to someone who had so recently seen her son in far-off America. It has been 25 years since she saw her boy. The two sisters were vivacious in their welcome; one of them was only four when he left and is now 29 years old. They are all looking forward to his return next summer. How I would like to be there and see the expressions on their faces when their tall, fine looking brother and son walks into that Dublin home again. My visit with Pat's family will be, I am sure, one of the highlights of my Dublin visit. I hope to visit them again next summer.

31 July

Preached once again this morning in All Souls' Unitarian Church in Dublin—a beautiful and an historic church with some of the loveliest stained glass windows I have ever seen. Seeing the windows in All Souls ought to be one of the "musts" when visiting Dublin. Had a fine, appreciative congregation and renewed many old friendships with many charming people.

Went across the Wicklow Mountains south of Dublin to visit historic and beautiful Glendalocks this afternoon—one of the most historic spots in Ireland. Here are the ruins of an old abbey made famous by St. Kevin and many other remnants of a distant and obscured antiquity. One could spend days here — old towers, old walls, everything old — so old that knowing dates adds little to one's comprehension of the great place it once occupied in the religious life of the people. Had Sunday dinner in the inn, and then the ride back to Dublin over terrain which reminded me at times of Minnesota—rugged and scrubby pines lining narrow mountain roads.

Attended service tonight in All Souls where I preached this morning. The Rev. Edward Cahill, minister from Charlotte, N. Carolina, was the preacher. Many of the delegates to the Congress in Belfast took a bus tour of Ireland, arrived in Dublin today, and attended the service tonight. I was glad to renew my friendship with many of them at the tea and reception after the service. Especially was I glad to meet the Rev. Dr. Kiergagard, minister of our church in Copenhagen. I heard him preach and in his own pulpit and he made me promise I would preach for him next summer in Copenhagen. I haven't been in Scandinavia in some years and I think I shall visit Norway, Sweden and Denmark next summer—but will not leave out Ireland!

1 August

Touring the environs of Dublin today—most inspiring—most beautiful scenery — a perfect day. Luncheon at Dragheda. Had some delicious split-pea soup as only you will get in Ireland! Visited White Rath—an ancient, pre-historic mound which some archeologists place as pre-Druidical. The entrance to the ceremonial cave is through a low passageway lined with enormous rocks. No one knows how old this ancient pile is, but it is certain to be pre-historic.

Back to "Strawberry Hill," the home of the Rev. and Mrs. E. Savell Hicks. I wish I had room and time to describe this matchless house. On Vico Road, which runs along the ledge of rock overlooking the sea and the Wicklow Mountains, I can only compare the vista to the Bay of Naples, with this view having an edge over that beautiful Italian scene. The Hicks' daughter and son-in-law, from London, were also present and other guests. What an evening of delightful conversation! We talked about the Geneva Conference, President Eisenhower, Billy Graham, Adlai Stevenson, Russia—well, you just think of any subject in which people are interested today and I venture to assert that sometime during the evening we discussed it! The art of good conversation has almost expired in America—radio, TV and the movies are taking care of that—but not here! It was a most interesting and unusual evening, with people sufficiently diversified in their opinions as to make constructive and illuminating conversation —with little small talk about insignificant and unimportant matters. We are losing something of great value by failing to keep alive the fine art of conversation. You will always have it in the cultural, friendly atmosphere of "Strawberry Hill."

In writing of "Strawberry Hill" I cannot omit a word about the dogs. Mrs. Hicks is a world famous fancier of well bred dogs. She won several ribbons in a dog show where she showed her dogs today. My friend, Will Judy, of Chicago, the famous lover and defender of dogs, has been a judge in the Irish Dog Shows and knows Mr. and Mrs. Hicks well. One of the many pleasures for me in visiting their home is to visit her kennels. About a dozen

friendly dogs greeted me noisily as I romped with them on the lawn of their spacious kennels. A well-educated and highly-cultured lady veterinarian makes her home at "Strawberry Hill," and every dog is given scientific and loving care. There was a perfect short haired Fox Terrier not unlike my own Skippy which I wish I might be taking home with me. Mrs. Hicks also has some famous long haired Dachshunds. You either love dogs or don't. I do!

2 August

Luncheon today with Adebayo Adesanya, from Liberia, at Trinity College, Dublin. Mr. Adesanya is a brilliant African who is studying in Trinity in preparation for returning to his native country and helping his people advance in the cultural and political developments of that interesting country. Dining in Trinity is a traditional ceremony. All the students wear gowns at the table. All stand while a member of the faculty dining at a nearby table recites a grace in Latin. At the conclusion of the meal all stand, facing a pulpitlike platform from which a grace after meals is given by a student. At our luncheon another student of Liberia said the grace in faultless Latin.

Mr. Adesanya is a pure African, as black as night and with all the physical characteristics of pure African blood. He has never been to America and was very much interested to hear about our American negroes. I have seldom met anyone with more culture, a better mind, or better educated. His English is impeccable and his philosophy creative and constructive. After the luncheon Dr. Donald and I were invited to his rooms for coffee and more conversation. On his study table was an open copy of Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason." He is preparing for an examination in Philosophy. His whole life is being devoted to preparing himself for leadership in his own country. That he will be successful I have no doubt. You will hear from him some day, for I am convinced he will be an important personality in acquiring complete independence for his country and perhaps become a factor in the ultimate confederation of all the countries of the continent of Africa.

He showed us about old and historical Trinity College. Many Americans think of Trinity College as a Roman Catholic Institution. This is not true. There are Catholics and Protestants on the faculty and in the student body. The administration is not ecclesiastical at all. The National University of Dublin is Roman Catholic, but not Trinity. I hope to keep in touch with Mr. Adesanya, for he will be worth consideration for the part he will play in the different world now in process of becoming. He accompanied us to a Dublin book store, where we made some much desired purchases and then went with us to the train which took us to Cobh by the way of Cork. We arrived at Cobh (old Queenstown) late tonight. Staying at the Commodore Hotel which overlooks the harbor. Tomorrow we sail for home!

3 August

I was awake early this morning—dawn was just breaking. At my bedroom window I watched the day break and the harbor life begin. I am always a little excited on a sailing day. Today was no exception, as I am anxious to be home and get back to our dear little island as soon as possible. A long, hard winter is before me and I want to get some rest before it begins. I haven't had any rest since church closed in June. Living in two suitcases, with constant change of location, preaching, lecturing, writing and visiting is not a vacation.

After an early breakfast visited the beautiful, inspiring Cathedral of Cobh,

situated on a high point overlooking the harbor and countryside of Cobh. Climbing up the narrow, steep street which leads to the Cathedral, we met a most wonderful Irish mother, her mother, and four of the most beautiful children I have ever seen. They were all standing in the doorway of a lowly, humble home in a block of tenementlike buildings. I couldn't resist speaking to them. The children were all quite young and were fascinated by being spoken to by a stranger from another country. They all looked alike: dark, curly hair, deep blue eyes, which laughed in true Irish fashion. The mother and grandmother were very kind and loquacious. I told her we were going up to the Cathedral. She said, "Say a little prayer for us." I promised and I did! I patted one of the youngsters and asked "What is your name?" Michael Anthony English," he smilingly replied. "That's a good name for a priest," I said. His mother said, "We hope he will be a priest some day. Say a prayer for him in the Cathedral." I said to her, "I will say a prayer for Michael Anthony and dedicate him for the Priesthood." Her face grew solemn as she replied, "Thank you, and may the good Lord protect you always!" I wonder what she would think if she knew a heretical liberal minister was speaking to her. I wonder what some of you are thinking who read these words. Yet to me there is nothing incongruous or sacrilegious in my conversation. I was sincere. I remembered that a very great and understanding soul and one who loved little children said long ago, "Unless ye become like one of these ye shall not enter the Kingdom." Perhaps little Michael Anthony is nearer to the heart of the Lord of Life than a lot of people who criticise his religion and the church of his fathers. The father of this remarkable little family works in Dublin. I didn't see him, but when I get back to Cobh I hope he will be home. I should like to meet him. On our return from the Cathedral the mother and grandmother had scrubbed the youngsters until their faces glistened, they were in clean clothes, and all lined up to say "Goodbye." My blessings, though they are not apostolic or priestly, are with them and "May God make His face to shine upon them!"

At 2:30 this afternoon, from the pier, just a stone's throw from our hotel, together with about 200 others, we cleared customs and immigration, boarded the tender and sailed away to the ship waiting outside the harbor in the Atlantic! As we rounded the point, there she rode at anchor, the good ship "Mauretania"—my favorite of all the ships which sail the Atlantic! I had seen her sail away from the pier in New York the day before we sailed on the "Queen Mary." Last April June and I saw her in the harbor in Havana, where we went aboard and visited with Mr. Bain—an old friend and the Chief Engineer. How stately and proudly she rode at anchor, swinging with the wind and tide. A fair wind was blowing and our tender had some difficulty getting alongside. Soon the lines were fast, the gangplank out, and we were aboard! After the baggage and mail were all aboard, the anchor was slowly raised, the throb of the engines were felt, the tender saluted and sailed away for Cobh. I stood just below the bridge and watched her bow slowly come 'round until she faced the open Atlantic. Her speed increased—the lovely verdant Irish coast on our starboard and the Nantucket Lightship nearly 3,000 miles away—soon we could feel the Atlantic roll under her keel, and home was hourly growing nearer. It's a good feeling. All evening I stood on deck, watching the Irish

coast blend away in the night. I saw the last light on the southern tip of Ireland until it, too, was lost in the darkness. The next land would be "my land." I leave Ireland tonight with many pleasant memories and with a sweet parting sorrow—some very dear memories I take with me and prayerful hopes that I can come back again.

Had our first dinner aboard tonight, and as always when we travel on the "Mauretania," we are invited to sit at the Chief Engineer's table. Our Chief Engineer is a most interesting man—I have crossed with him several times—always ready with an interesting tale of his many experiences at sea during the years. He retires next year. He is one of the best story-tellers I have ever heard and what is equally important—a good listener. Like most men who have had many experiences in great waters, he is a very humble person. Chief Engineer G. W. Bain can now place the significant letters O. B. E.—Order of the British Empire—after his name. I had to learn from others that he was presented to the Queen in Buckingham Palace to receive his investiture only last month. It required some conversational strategy at dinner to get him to tell, in a most interesting way, his experience at Buckingham Palace.

7 August

Have had four most restful and pleasant days on the Atlantic. The ocean has been unusually kind. Attended Divine Service this morning at 11:00. The Cunard Line has an unbroken tradition of having the morning prayer of the Anglican Communion read on every ship at sea on a Sunday. The service is usually read by the Captain, with the Purser and Staff Captain assisting. Our Captain could not participate this morning because of the fog. In a fog the Captain never leaves the bridge. Frequently the ship's officers are not accustomed to reading in public and do not always feel comfortable in the service. This was obvious this morning. There are usually several clergymen aboard who would read the service much more effectively and impressively. There were several clergymen in the service this morning. The service opens with the Westminster Chimes being heard by transcription. The bell-hops, nurses and officers take their places on the front and side seats, the organist plays the prelude and the congregation rises while the participating officers come down a side aisle to the improvised chancel and take their places. It is all done with dignity and solemnity. The service lasts about 45 minutes. There is no sermon. The offering is divided evenly between the seamen's charities on both sides of the Atlantic. I always attend a religious service on Sunday wherever I am, if one is available. It never seems like Sunday to me without attending a service. I always receive something of inspiration and it means a better day and a finer week. I wish more people would realize the benefit of taking an hour or so during the week to commune with eternal things. I am thoroughly convinced the Cunard Company would present a much more helpful and worshipful service if the morning prayer could be given by clergymen and the ship's officers given places of honor at the service. Having them lead a religious service is like asking a clergyman to go to the bridge and run the ship. Every man to his last!

Chief Engineer Bain told us at dinner tonight we should be at the Nantucket tomorrow morning between 6:45 and 7:00 o'clock. That means an early rising for me, as I never miss the first landfall at sea. Tonight the weather is getting thick, the sea is

(*Continued on page* 12)

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR — TWENTY CENTS A COPY

Published on the First Day of the Month

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EDITORIAL

ON MY WAY from Belgium to England this summer across the English Channel I took a steamer at Ostende. We were bound for the ancient port of Dover in England. The steamer I think was much overloaded. There were more than 2,000 people on a comparatively small channel steamer. No sooner had we left the port of Ostende than our steamer ran into the densest fog I have ever seen. I have never in my life experienced anything like it! You couldn't see even a few feet away from yourself.

The traffic as you know in the English Channel is tremendous. And very soon, as we went into the impact of this dense fog there started all about us everywhere, fog sirens. The ship several times came to a complete stop, while the Captain wanted to be sure—judging only from sound, he could see nothing—as to his position related to other ships all about him which were blowing the fog horns. The ship would sometimes shudder as we suddenly went into reverse, but all the way across that channel we never saw another ship although we went through a nest of ships going up and down the English Channel. Finally, as if some mighty breath had blown the fog away, I looked up and in a split second I saw rising out of the English Channel the white cliffs of Dover! And we were in brilliant sunlight, out of the fog!

In my moments of anxiety, and I had such moments on that trip, what was it gave me a sense of safety? I turned and looked and there, upon the bridge, in oilskins and with his seaman's hat pulled down over his eyes, was an old sea captain who had traveled that route for more than 40 years! Two thousand human souls on those decks, and danger all about us! But I looked into the face of that rugged captain, where the winds and the fog and the sun had chiseled there the greatness of his ability, and I thought to myself: "All's well! Trust the Captain!"

Are you in a fog? Can you see the days ahead or the hours? Are your hearts anxious and worried and troubled? Are the sirens of danger all about you? Turn and look on the bridge, for there stands a captain who can say "Peace! Be still!" and the winds and the waves will obey Him! Try it!

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SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES OPEN

in

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

Lawrence and Sheridan Road

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 7 P.M.

Service not Broadcast

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courtesy Kemper Insurance Company

* * *

BOOK LECTURES WILL BE GIVEN WEDNESDAY EVENINGS DURING JANUARY, FEBRUARY AND MARCH

* * *

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5. 3-Piece set of Luggage (Man's or Woman's)
6. An Electric Blender; also a Steam Flatiron
7. A Hand-made Quilt; also a knitted Afghan
8. Afghan
9. An Electric Blanket
10. A fat Turkey
11. A portable Radio
12. And other interesting items

Plan now to attend, bring guests and make it a Family Party.
Donate and Shop

"THE WORLD'S CHANGING CLIMATE"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
Sunday, September 25, 1955

IT HAS occurred to me that the title of my sermon this morning is somewhat confusing and ambiguous — "The World's Changing Climate." Now I'm not going to talk about the weather. There are some people who anticipated that I was going to discuss the effects of the atom and the hydrogen bombs on the weather. I've had one or two letters this week asking me if I thought they had anything to do with it. Well now, they're going to be disappointed if they think I'm going to talk about the weather. The less said about it the better! And, anyway, whatever you did say about it wouldn't make any difference at all! But I am going to talk about a "world climate"! And I'm going to base my ideas on the "world's climate" on some personal reactions which I have had in my recent travels around a part of the world.

One of the great advantages of commuting to Europe as I do—I think it's my 42nd crossing I've just finished—one of the great results of this commuting to Europe is that from year to year you are aware of the changes that are taking place. If you just go once, or go once over a long period of time, you're not aware of just how deep and fundamental those changes are! And the thing that impresses me every time I go to the other side of the Atlantic is the things that have happened not only in economics, not only in politics, but in the hearts and souls of people. And the interesting thing about this is that whatever is happening *anywhere* in the world is happening *everywhere!* There are a lot of people who are looking at this world situation today through colored lenses and they don't realize that we are now entering into the experience of what our German friends used to call the "zeitgeist"—the world spirit! There's a spirit settling down upon the world, and there isn't any one country or any group of countries that are exempt—not one! By way of illustration, I want to call your attention to the fact that one of the most obvious phenomena which is happening today in the world is the renewal of interest in religion! And that's perfectly obvious to us who are in America—and you would say that there is a great interest in Christianity. Now I want to call your attention, those of you who are devoted to the Christian tradition, to the fact that it is not exclusive in Christianity at all! There are a lot of people who have an idea that because we are a Christian nation, nominally, and our tradition is pretty largely Christian, that all this is almost exclusively a Christian development! I call your attention to the fact that Buddhism is having a revival. There is greater interest in Asia, in Buddhism, today than there has been in five centuries! Confucianism is having a revival; Mohammedanism is having a *great* revival! I was interested in being in one of the most famous mosques in the world this summer, which is located right in the heart of the City of London, and there I had the opportunity of speaking with the theological and philosophical leader of the Moslems of Great Britain and he, a man of very high culture and very deep understanding, outlined to me the significance of the revival over a long period which is coming to the Mo-

hammedans. The Shintoists are having a revival; the Brahmans are having a revival, while all of India is tremulous with the renewal of interest in Hinduism! So Christianity is not the only religion that is having this revival—it is a WORLD revival of all religious imperatives, and any religion which is worthy the name has a common denominator with every other religion that feeds the soul of man. No religion any longer has an exclusive right over the soul or heart or intellect of man! And this whole "zeitgeist", this whole world movement or renewal of the great imperative of the human heart and the human soul to find a meaning, is changing the climate of this world!

Don't you think for one moment that political ideology is all there is back of these great conferences that Foreign Ministers have, and representatives and presidents and everybody else in the field of diplomacy! It's deeper than that! Don't you think for one moment that all of this changing attitude that we're experiencing today in the world on the part of people everywhere is merely in the field of political ideology or political loyalty, for it isn't! Something is stirring in the heart of man—*all men, everywhere!* The Black man; the Red man; the White man; the Yellow man; the Brown man, wherever humanity is there is, at this hour, evidence of a resurgence, an awakening, a groping, a reaching, a grasping after reality, that a technological civilization has not produced!

Man has been nearly crushed with gadgets; man has been nearly stampeded into hysteria by speed and machinery; man has eliminated the artistic joy, the beauty, from artistic creativeness in craftsmanship! And where a Henry Ford took a personal pride in the creation of a Ford automobile, today the pride is deadened by a man who hammers a fender or who drills a hole in a fender, and that's all he has to do with an automobile—and man's creativeness has been all but crushed—and something happened! The universal spirit of creative power did something about that, and so the whole climate of the world is undergoing, at this moment, a complete change! Man is reacting against the centralized authority of mechanics! Man is beginning to feel that in education a highly federalized, centralized, organized, educational organization cannot take control and squeeze out of the educative techniques of America the contribution of the human personality and the individual! Man is beginning to see that in religion, great national organizations, conventions, institutions, officialdoms of ecclesiasticism are not going to take control of the mind of man and say: "This is it! There is no other, and there is no more!" Man's mind is *not* going to be crushed into inactivity by the automatic machinery of ecclesiasticism! Man is beginning to respond to the great principles of individualism again! He's beginning to think again for himself; he's beginning to protest against the machinery of imposed secular *and* sacred authority!

Man was never more cognizant of his ability to follow out the highest techniques in the pursuit of his own freedom than he is today! When the people of Argentina spoke to the world, as they have this past week, it was the pressure of the individual development of heroism again on the part of people who *would not* be stampeded by tyranny! *That* spirit is going to sweep the world! The tyrant is gasping! The last breath of tyranny is being breathed in the world—the climate is changing! And the spiritual sensitivity of man to the dignity and greatness of his own

potentiality, together with the infinite power of an unlimited source of creative beauty, which we call "GOD", can transform the individual life, and that beauty is common to all the needy of the world—and is available!

Yes, the climate is changing! I didn't think some time ago that I might be here when it happened, because I expected it much later, but I saw signs of it in Europe; I see signs of it in America! I see the nobility of man once more asserting itself against the technological age that only makes him a number, a cog and a wheel! Man is becoming man again—and will increasingly reflect the confidence of God in creating him! You, too, claim your heritage!

Benediction: And now, Eternal Truth, we ask that wherever these words have gone might they have carried inspiration and help to everyone —the sick and the tired; the poor and the needy; the underprivileged and the discouraged! Might they all experience a new birth of the dignity and worth of the human personality! Oh God, may we dedicate ourselves to the beauty of *that* task! Amen.

ALONG THE WAY

(*Continued from page* 7)

picking up, the sky is o'ercast, the ship is beginning to roll and we are getting weather reports about the hurricane "Connie" coming up the coast.

8 August

Was up early this morning—just getting daylight! An inspiring time at sea. Rain, fog and wind! From the porthole I saw the welcome Nantucket Lightship on our starboard. It seemed only a block away, rolling in the Atlantic swells. I often think of the crews of these lightships, and the routine of their shipboard life. We were abreast at exactly 6:45 a.m. It is seven hours from the Nantucket Lightship, anchored off the Massachusetts coast to Ambrose Lightship at the entrance to New York Harbor. I never left the forward deck just below the bridge until we were opposite the Ambrose Lightship. The sea had picked up, the wind was high and the visibility was poor. After the doctors and immigration officers arrived on board at quarantine we had to stand in line for examination. This was soon over. Dinner was served at 5:00 p.m. but I did not go to the dining room. Why eat when you can be on a great ship moving majestically down New York Harbor and up the Hudson to the Cunard Docks. My stomach could wait while my eyes feasted. It is always a thrilling experience to enter New York Harbor while your ship picks its way amid the teeming harbor activity of this great port. I always try to imagine what the impressions must be on those who are seeing it for the first time. It must be something tremendous, for I have seen it often yet it never fails to impress and interest me! We were docked at 6:15 p.m. Hundreds of people on the pier to welcome friends and loved ones. There is never any hurry in disembarking, for you must wait until the baggage is on the pier and your baggage is under your initial in the customs. Your baggage is taken from your stateroom to the pier by the ship's steward. It is unnecessary to carry anything off

the ship with you. It is all handled safely and conveniently. Our New York Central train left at 9:00, so we went directly to the Grand Central Station, had dinner and boarded our train for Chicago. Very warm in New York tonight.

As I walked off the "Mauretania" I turned back and took a last look at the beautiful ship which had been my home for five delightful days. I said a little prayer of gratitude that no illness, no accident or misfortune had overtaken me in the thousands of miles I had travelled by sea and land in the six weeks I had been away. I said "goodbye" to our table companions with whom I had dined. They were an interesting group of people. We enjoyed meeting for the first time the wife of the Rev. Geoffrey Wardle-Stafford. I had known Dr. G. Wardle-Stafford many years ago in England. His son, the husband of the charming lady who was at our table, is now a professor in Drew Theological Seminary. We had many mutual friends and her husband is well known for his pastorates in the Middle West. She had been spending the summer in London with her husband, whose mother still lives there. I shall always treasure the many interesting visits we had on the homeward journey. Seated next to me at the table were Mr. and Mrs. George F. Nordenholt, of New York. He is editor of "Product Engineering," a publication of the McGraw-Hill Publishing Co. Both have traveled extensively and were delightful conversationalists. Then there was one of the most refreshing, vibrant people I have ever known—Mr. George E. Bowden, of New York, the General Auditor for the Socony Company, who was returning from a business trip to Africa and the Middle East. He was "the life of the party!" Friendly, hospitable and affable. On the pier I had the honor of being introduced to Mrs. Bowden. At my right sat Dr. William Clyde Donald II, Minister of the Evangelical and Reformed Bethel Church in Milwaukee, whose analytical mind contributed many helpful ideas to interesting table talk. Presiding over the table was our kindly and always interesting Chief Engineer, Mr. Bain. Perhaps we shall all never be together again, but each of us will have enduring memories of one of the most delightful crossings I have ever made. As they all journey through life may they have blue skies and quiet seas.

COMMUNITY THANKSGIVING SERVICE

Thanksgiving Morning, Thursday, November 24th, 11 a.m. to 12 noon, The Peoples Church will hold a citywide Community Thanksgiving Service. The Country Church of the City (Granville Avenue Methodist), Rev. Benjamin M. Will, Pastor; and the Assyrian Congregational Church, Rev. S. Newey, Pastor; as well as North Shore Kiwanis Club, the Uptown Lions Club, and other civic organizations of the city, will unite with us in the service.

Dr. Bradley will preach the Thanksgiving Sermon and the Rev. Will and Rev. Newey will assist in the service, which will be broadcast by WJJD direct from the pulpit of the Church.

BOOK CHATS

THIS is the age of digests. We want our stories briefed for us. We want the colorful jacket of the latest novel from the publishing house to give us in a few sentences a pretty good idea of what the story is about. We read on the back of the cover a brief biography of the author. Some of our magazine publishers tell the reader just how many minutes it will take to read each article. Everything is streamlined to meet the demands of this age of speed. In keeping with this lack-of-time living we are attempting to master, Rand McNally & Company have done a great service in publishing *When and Where in Italy,* A Passport to Yesterday for Readers and Travelers of Today, by Genevieve Foster.

When Genevieve Foster had children of her own she began her successful writing of "history that comes to life." She had studied history in school only because she had to. She has had many years of historical writing, research, and study.

When and Where in Italy is the first of a new kind of history for adults and is an exciting reading experience. At first Mrs. Foster wrote stories of what was going on all over the world during the lifetime of an outstanding figure in history. Her books *George Washington's World, Abraham Lincoln's World, Augustus Caesar's World,* written for younger readers, all met with tremendous favor, and her books have been translated into many languages.

Mrs. Foster is an accomplished artist and illustrates her own books with pictorial material of great versatility and excellent quality.

Genevieve Foster grew up in Whitewater, Wisconsin, graduated from the University of Wisconsin. She studied at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts and did illustrating and advertising art until her marriage to Orrington Foster, an engineer. The Fosters' two children, Orrington, Jr., and Joanna, were born in Evanston, and since Mr. Foster's death ten years ago, Mrs. Foster lives in a sunny, book-lined apartment on the lake shore of Chicago.

This book is called an adventure in understanding, for here are facts for which you would have to search through countless volumes and then not have them in usable order. They have been carefully selected, illustrated by the author-artist, whose words and drawings will spark your imagination. The book is dedicated to the author's mother "who does her traveling through pictures and books."

This is a book of only 125 pages, not including the index, contains many illustrations on every page, some interesting maps and a chart covering What to See in each city, from the Early Roman Days (753 B.C. to 500 A.D.), the Middle Ages (500 A.D. to 1500) and from the Renaissance and on (1500—). 2600 years are re-created in word and picture. Parents and children could enjoy this book together, and will certainly remember more of what they read from the graphic and interesting way in which it is given.

* * *

As we approach Thanksgiving Day, we could most beautifully prepare to the more thoroughly appreciate it by reading *The Faith That Built America,* by Lee Vrooman and published by

Arrowhead Books, Inc., of New York. This is a richly illustrated survey of our country's beginnings and the growth of the American idea. It is a small book of 192 pages, excluding the Appendix, which contains some significant dates, a bibliography and a very helpful index. We are given in this book many of the thoughts, ideologies, philosophies and convictions on which our country's foundations arose. For instance, John Adams wrote in a letter to Mercy Warren, "there must be a positive passion for the public good, the public interest, honor, power, and glory, established in the minds of the people or there can be no republican government, nor any real liberty."

There is a section at the end of each chapter of the book, entitled "In Their Own Words," in which there are excerpts from diaries, from speeches, from letters of such men as George Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, Abraham Lincoln and lesser known men of our early history. These excerpts give us the ideas and the thinking, all closely assembled together, of the men who founded our country. The correspondence of some of these men helped mold our government.

Lee Vrooman, the author, gave the last twenty years of his life working with the force of Moral Re-Armament, and became thoroughly convinced that Americans needed to understand their rightful ideology in order to preserve their heritage and give it to the world. He was long a student and lover of American history and through working in the Near East he learned what other countries think of America. He graduated from the University of Maine, became professor and then Dean of International College, Ismir, Turkey. He has had articles on Turkish life and history in American, Turkish, Persian and Arabic magazines. He is co-author of many widely-used study books on America. His forebears were among the early settlers, and combined four of the strains which built colonial America. Ancestors on both sides were captured by the Indians and subsequently escaped.

This second book we are mentioning would also be an excellent book for the home, to have available for both parents and the younger folk.

* * *

In speaking of *Wild America,* by Roger T. Peterson and James Fisher, Houghton, Mifflin Company, Joseph Wood Krutch, in the New York Herald Book Review says: "Imagine that one of the ablest of American naturalists invites one of the ablest of his British fellows to see what America has to offer. Imagine still further that both the guide and the guided man are men of inexhaustible energy as well as of boundless curiosity. Could there possibly be a more promising set-up for a book about Wild America?" These co-authors landed in Newfoundland and after seeing what that region could show they started out on an automobile journey which took them twenty thousand miles, through New England and down the Appalachians to Florida and the Dry Tortugas, across Louisiana, deep into Mexico, through the Southwest, up the coast to the Pribilof Islands. Though these men are professional ornithologists, they take all nature as their province, and were interested "in everything that walked, hopped, swam or flew, and the plants and rocks too." I was amazed to read that the number of native trees in the Great Smoky Mountain Park alone is greater than that in all Europe—131 in comparison to 85. Interest in nature is not as yet as widespread in the United States as in Britain where, in 1953 an average of one bird book a

week was published. To speak of nature and the wild America does not begin to generate the interest that one glance at the illustrations of turtles, bear, seals, prairie cattle and bird life does. The descriptions by these authors are vivid and they have an enormous amount of information at their fingertips.

This book may lead you to plan a trip of your own, for it is a splendid way to find out what regions you would like to visit, and what you should not miss when you do visit.

* * *

The Federation of Uganda African Farmers employed George Shepherd, whom they met in London to go to Africa, and live, eat and work with the Africans, to struggle for co-operatives, curing coffee, ginning cotton, marketing at better prices in spite of exploitation and monopolies by the English and the Indians. Shepherd traveled far and wide and came to know and love the Africans. Nine months later he flew to America, where his wife had gone to bear their first child, and brought them out to live in Africa. He tells modestly of the two years spent there and his many adventures. He flew home to America to raise more money for his African work, and then to his astonishment and dismay was told by the passport office he could not go back because the English "settlers" accused him of political activities, of sympathy with the Mau Mau outbreaks in Kenya. He had gone to Africa in 1951, a year before the Mau Mau violence broke out in Kenya, the colony next door. He had made the mistake of going to see the famous rebel, Jomo Kenyatta. This book, *They Wait in Darkness,* tells eloquently the story of a bold and true American. It is published by The John Day Company and closes with a moving appeal for a foreign policy worthy of our historic traditions. George Shepherd finally regained his passport, but not until two years later, through the aid of The American Civil Liberties Union, but it came too late to repair the damage that had been done.

Africa is an important continent and in the forefront of the news today. It should be interesting to read this story by one who spent nearly three years among the Africans, working with them.

The publishers say of the book: "The dramatic account of the bold efforts of a young American to serve a struggling organization of African farmers in the face of bitter opposition."

AN APPRECIATION

For the past two years Mrs. Vera Swanson has been Superintendent of the Peoples Church School of Religious Education. Quietly and efficiently she has carried on and lovingly filled this important work with the school. We have all seen the results of some of her work at the Candle Light Service at Christmastime, even before she became Superintendent, but the parents have seen her faithful efforts and deep devotion to her task all through the year and as a teacher as well.

Mrs. Swanson finds it necessary to resign her post, and it is with deep regret that we must accept her decision. We, Pastor and Members of the Peoples Church, hereby tender to her our deepest and most heartfelt thanks for her long, faithful and excellent service to the Church and the Church School.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

WHEN Bill, Jr., or little Mary Ann comes to father or mother with a question or a problem, the situation seems a very natural one to all concerned. From the time the youngsters were born father and mother were the fountainheads of advice and guidance in all things. Of course later on, as the children grow up, go to school and college, and get in touch with other avenues of research and information, father and mother are sometimes left out of the picture—even to too great an extent.

Some days I marvel, as the letters come out of the Mail Bag, at how much the Peoples Church and Dr. Bradley parallel that situation and become foster parents to the members, friends and radio listeners of the Church. Only these mature "children", unlike the smaller "fry" do not leave their foster parents out of the picture.

For instance, the other day a letter to Dr. Bradley began: "Dear Dr. Bradley: Recently I was looking in 'Who's Who of '55' for information on Uncle Omar. Like myself he belongs to the Christian Church. I was surprised you didn't go to the Christian Church when leaving the Presbyterian Church." Evidently the writer was reading Dr. Bradley's brief biography as given in "Who's Who." The writer's name was Bradley and he told a bit about the history of some of his relatives and wanted to know if Doctor was related to any of them.

Another letter was from a dear lady who told all about her forebears in this country and in England and then asked where she might write in England to find out about the British ancestors.

Often people who are in mental institutions write asking Dr. Bradley for a letter which will secure their release; people in penal institutions do the same. Some write to find out where they can secure a certain book; or they have very old books which they think might prove valuable to someone. One letter came from out of town asking that Dr. Bradley help to locate the father of the family who was thought to have left his home for Chicago. There are letters from young high school students asking for help in writing a theme; letters from members of Women's Clubs. They have been given an assignment on the program and feel that Dr. Bradley can be of great help in planning their talk, or can furnish just the right poem for the occasion.

Manuscripts are sent in, prose and poetical, with requests that they be read and an opinion given.

Sometimes there is quite a delay on these matters, for after all, these would come under the heading of extra-curricular duties.

This probably shows that people—all of us, in fact—are inclined to follow the line of least resistance; and thus, the Peoples Church and Dr. Bradley become foster parents to all these children with their problems.

Now a good parent doesn't try to do

all the work that a child should do, for after all, when Bill, Jr. goes to the dictionary to look up a word he makes the acquaintance of a very useful reference book which will serve him all his life. When little Mary Ann finally becomes cognizant of the encyclopedia and how to use it, she has a valuable source of information at hand. When people discover that all publishers have competent men or women paid to scan manuscripts for the sort of story their firm might consider worth while to publish, they will send their writings to the proper source immediately.

The most important thing to remember is of course that when one does his or her own research there is the great advantage of imbibing much related material on a subject; of getting a great deal of additional information; of becoming a better-informed and a more well-rounded individual thereby. With young people especially, there is an element of adventuresomeness in finding out how to find out about any subject in which they become interested. Perhaps they read or acquire far afield of their main interest, but the theme that is written will be much richer for the additional research.

Dr. Bradley and the working staff of the Peoples Church could spend almost their entire time in doing research for the hundreds who write in for information. We become, in fact, a sort of clearing house of information on all subjects that occur to man. However, in case we should fail you ever, might I suggest you call SU 7-0200, the Tribune's general information service, which is quite good on a lot of matters—especially on such a subject as "When do we go back to central standard time?" The answer, you know, is sometime during the night of October 29th.

I'm not trying to be facetious—merely good-natured about it all; for when all is said and done, it gives a warm feeling around the heart when a friend brings a problem to a friend —or when Bill and Mary Ann ask mother or father all about it. It's nice to be trusted, to be believed in. It brings a sense of responsibility, as well.

My father died when I was hardly more than an infant, but an Aunt of mine once told me that he loved life and all its problems, and that he once said to her: "Myra, I love life; I like to feel responsibility." One brings problems only to those on whose judgment and friendship they feel they can rely.

So as one humble member of the staff of the Peoples Church, I feel a great sense of love in my heart for all those who look to the Church and Dr. Bradley for help and guidance in the simple matters of everyday life, and am happy to do my share to help.

* * *

Dear Friend and Pastor:

We were very happy to receive your very dear letter. We have missed you and your uplifting thoughts. We were glad to learn you had a nice summer and were able to attend the inspiring meetings. We know you will have a lot of good news to tell us. We are always anxious for the time when our Church home opens its doors to us again. We love it and all of its activities.

We have missed our dear Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, who are so faithful in seeing that all things go well with the Church and all of us.

We need you and are so thankful to God for giving you a wonderful trip, and sending you home to us again.

With your help we must learn that it is not what we say, but what we are, that becomes to man his guiding star.

We must let go of the "little" to accept the "more" and to grow in wisdom, in spiritual stature, in favor with God and with man. So, God being willing, we will be with you next Sunday. Now let us all work together for a very happy and successful year. You know Dad is very happy with his place as usher.

May God bless you in all you do. Your friends,

Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Jones

* * *

Here is a letter of gratitude from one who has come under the influence of Dr. Bradley:

Dear Doctor Bradley:

I have been your faithful follower and listener for the last thirty years. I have met you personally both in your church and our Methodist Church in Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin. Through your influence, I have become interested in the ministry and am in my fourth year of study. I may never have a church, however, but I minister to some eighty boys who are on probation to me. I happen to be the Juvenile Probation Officer of Jefferson County. These boys are my congregation, and I try to instill in them much of the Courage and Love you have instilled in me over the years.

May I take this opportunity to thank you most sincerely for the book you sent for me via our good friend, Judge Fox. I value this gift very highly. It is like having a new friend come into your life and I look forward with great anticipation to the reading of it.

Please accept my thanks, my best wishes and my prayers that God may continue to richly bless you.

Sincerely,

Clarence G. Wendt

* * *

A very dear letter came to Dr. Bradley from Mrs. Beulah Buck Fogelman, a member of the Church of very long standing:

My beloved Pastor and Friend:

At 5:00 a.m. I was reading your sermon—"Making Old Age Glorious"—a thing I've tried to do, but now, at 87, and nearing my "Last Roundup," I fear there is too much gone from the old will power to find any comfort in trying my remedies that heretofore seemed helpful. For two weeks now I've been on the verge of pneumonia; have had two doctors and much medicine. Perhaps my move to Florida has been for naught.

I am very comfortably situated here in this lovely home—kind people, good food—but a sick old gal. I was so alarmed two nights ago, I almost sent for Jim; so, when that is done, you too will be notified, for I'm depending on you for the closing curtain speech.

God bless you! How I long to be there next Sunday, Opening Day, for another year. I can't even get you down here on radio. They have TV in our lounge, but not very good.

Do you plan as you've done several years—a trip to Florida this winter? What a joy to see you and June again.

Please, Doctor, pardon all of my mistakes. I try to be *calm;* and say "all will be well"—but it's "sorter hard sometimes" to say one thing and feel another.

Your cards along the way have been so helpful, to have a friend like you so comforting.

The last words from you, written on your home island at Lake Vermilion brought so many memories of Jimmy and Mrs. Bradley. How often Jimmy would tell me, as he drove me home from church, about his mother's garden and his anxiety to get up there and put it in order. He was a precious son, and I loved him. You, too, have reason to say, "Why should this happen to me?" But Doctor, you are

brave and understanding. Wish I were so fortunate, but I'm too old now to worry about the whys and wherefores of things. Just live and be grateful for all I have—and I realize I do have many blessings. Next month I'll send a little check—this month has been an expensive one. True, the noise there at the Wellington Arms from that new apartment building going up on the corner was more than I could stand. Mrs. Thomas, one of my neighbors on the same floor, writes me many are moving out on account of the noise, from that side of building.

My heart is behaving much better down here and I pray the knees too will improve, though doctors all say "no cure."

I'm sending this little poem—sorry it is not my own—but it is my prayer in substance—one I'd like read at my funeral.

Give my love to June. May the coming year be the best one we've had, and by Sept. of 1956, may our mortgage have been lifted.

MY PRAYER

Lord, let me radiate gladness and sunny good cheer
To the folks who may cross my way.
God forbid I should falter, or whimper, or fear,
Let come to my life what may.
Let me give to the world of the very last drop
Of all that I am that's worth while.
Let me work with a will to the end of the road,
Then lay down my task with a smile!

Father, grant that this frail, feeble life of mine
That Thou gavest one day to me,
May have counted for good in the great Book of Time,
May have been what Thou'd have it to be.
—Grace Poffinburger.

Remember me to Mrs. Harrison, Miss Smalley—in fact *all of the dear ladies.*

Devotedly, Beulah

Members of the church will be interested in the following letter from Mrs. Paul Hughes, from the West Coast:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

It has been quite some time since I had a little visit with you. I certainly miss your very inspiring sermons. I keep in touch with the church activities through the Liberalist and enjoy "Along the Way" so much. Occasionally hear from May Harrison. I contribute a small offering on all festive days and through the summer. I attend Dr. Fifield's church as often as I can. Our summer heat was terrific this year and the hot weather doesn't agree with me since my illness. I haven't been too well the past year—lost 30 pounds. The strain and reaction from my troubles caused a slight heart condition, so I have to take it easy. Of course my sister gives me as much of her time as possible—one really needs a car in California to go places. Sister teaches music, so I can't depend on the car all the time.

Probably you know that Dr. Fifield's brother has moved to California from New York and has taken up activities at First Congregational Church. He has been preaching through the summer. He also gives his delightful book lectures on Sunday eve. It was quite a pleasure for me to hear him review your late book, "Happiness Through Creative Living." Later in the evening I told him I was a member of the Peoples Church for 30 years and Dr. Bradley was a very good friend of mine. I have heard many reports of your fine book and received a few articles from the Chicago Tribune sent me by a friend. I hope to be able to get the book in the near future.

Before I left Chicago sent a few personal effects to my nephew's, including my books which I expected to have

sent to California later. Among them were all of your books that I loved so much. Probably you remember the severe rainstorms a couple of years ago. This basement was flooded and my books ruined. You can imagine how badly I felt.

The new fabulous Beverly Hilton Hotel opened a few weeks ago. It is the most beautiful and glamorous hotel in the world. It should be. Seventeen millions to build it. It will surely be a must-see for tourists.

I read with pleasure in the July Liberalist the poem by Hugh R. Porter. He was a very good friend of Mr. Hughes and I have his book of poems, called "Slices From Life," with the author's personal greetings. There are only a few of Paul's good friends left.

I think of you and the church so often. It would be wonderful to hear your voice again. I get lonesome for Chicago at times, for I have relatives and friends there whom I miss very much.

Hope you had an enjoyable and interesting vacation. I wish for you many more years of creative living and success.

With kindest wishes to you and Mrs. Bradley,

Sincerely,

Mrs. Paul Hughes

* * *

Ruth Schweig, of Downers Grove, wrote in gratitude and enclosed an article she wrote and which was published in the Connecticut Literary Review of last Spring:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

How wonderful it was this morning to hear your voice again after two years out of the Chicago area! Yes, we have returned to Illinois, and good to our eyes was the sight of God's glorious green after living in Nebraska. Still, we left it reluctantly, for I grew to love the university, and very, very dear were the friends we made. The heart of the traveler can never curve and return. Can it? "Only the bodies come back of those gone far away." And tho' it was with sorrow we left, still we remember the goodness of God for so enriching our lives. He has truly blessed us!

Now I turn to you and God to keep me always aware of this, and ever mindful of my debt to Him and the friends I shall never forget. I always depended on you for things . . . time after time, when you never knew. You never failed me . . . for this I can only say a humble "Thank you."

May the coming year be very fruitful for you. May the seeds of wisdom you scatter so profusely before all of us bring forth a rich harvest. Thank you for coming back to us.

Gratefully,

Ruth Schweig

* * *

CIRCLES

Dropping a pebble into the water, one can watch circles come to the surface, ripple out, and out, and out to either shore, to the mouth of the river, to the sea. There is no fathoming their depth, their number; how far they will spread. There is no recalling a single one of them.

Our lives are circles, too, touching upon each other, its influence rippling . . . spreading to far people. And our minds are circles, with each new thought touching upon the old, which does not disappear but absorbs the new, until our memory holds such bounty there is no estimating its worth.

And our souls are circles taking in faith, and courage, and contrition, and beauty, and God, and all things of the spirit together. And our hearts hold

circles of longings, of feelings, of affections . . . and its area is boundless. No new found friend, no new love can erase the old. The circle once drawn remains. Yet always there is room for more love, and these though unrelated touch upon each other, until one long loses memory of the first pebble dropped in the heart's sea. (I think sometimes that it was God.)

One can love so many different people, in so many different ways, for so many different reasons. Yet, not one love lessens or takes away from the other, though they touch upon each other. Each is a circle in itself, adding to the richness and goodness of the heart.

Bring happiness to people, and who shall blame you? What evil can come out of rich soil . . . out of sowing good seed! This, in a circle of trees, I think upon.

Ruth Schweig

With Ruth Schweig's beautiful message, we close the Mail Bag. Dr. Bradley is always happy to hear from his listeners, so—

KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

SEPTEMBER

11—Sermon. First Unitarian Church, Duluth, Minnesota.
14—Address. Recreation Hall, Jackson Lake Lodge, Jackson, Wyoming, Electrical League of the Rocky Mountains.
17—Wedding
18—Sermon. Peoples Church
Evening Sermon. Willard Methodist Church, Oak Park, Ill.
19—Funeral
Sick Calls
20—Commencement Address. Galesburg Cottage Hospital, School of Nurses, First Presbyterian Church, Galesburg, Ill.
21—Radio interview by Bill Anson.
22—Address. Friends of Literature Opening Dinner, Art Institute.
24—Commencement Address. Spencerian College, Milwaukee, Wis., Immanuel Baptist Church.
25—Address. WBKB-TV—Channel 7
Tribute to Eisenhower.
Sermon. Peoples Church.
Evening Sermon. Greater Bethesda Baptist Church. Opening Forum.
26—Opening Luncheon, Peoples Church Woman's Club.
27—Address. Men's Club, Peoples Church.
28—Address. 5th Annual Convention. Tastee-Freez Corporation, Venetian Room, Morrison Hotel.
Invocation, Sheraton Hotel, International Association of Industrial Accident Boards & Commission.
29—Three funerals.
Address. Illinois Association of Real Estate Boards, Faust Hotel, Rockford, Illinois.
30—Opening ceremonies, Bridgeport Branch, Chicago Public Library.
Wedding.

WEDDINGS

17—Joan Friebe and Leonard Ritter
30—Ann B. Chatten and Ronald A. Hager

FUNERALS

Aug.
24—Benjamin W. Hahne
Sept.
19—Mrs. Marie Knudsen
29—Miss Pauline Kelley
29—Miss Amelia Birk
Miss Minnie R. Snell

We extend our sympathy to the families and friends of the following:

Mrs. Minnie Chase
Miss Anna Grimm
Mrs. Julia Huckins
Mrs. Agusta Fernandez
Miss Anna Aznoe
Mrs. Florence B. Crawford
Mrs. Elsie Brethold

CHRISTENINGS

25—Gerald David Berkowitz, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Berkowitz

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mrs. Carl Swanson, Superintendent
Gregg Carter, Director Religious Education ..... 9:30 a.m.

Sunday Morning Service, Broadcast by WJJD ..... 11:00 to 12:00 noon

Sunday Evening Service (Opening Sunday, November 6th) ..... 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures (From the first Wednesday in January until March 28) ..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—Monday, Nov. 14, in Anderson Hall, Annual Donation Tea. Admission by a gift to the Bazaar. Mrs. Preston Bradley, Chairman. Speaker, Mrs. Josephine Phillips, presenting "Chapeau-ology" ..... 1:00 p.m.
Thursday, Nov. 17 and Friday, Nov. 18, Anderson Hall, all day and evening, The Peoples Church Bazaar. Dinners served both nights at 6:00 and 7:00. Valuable prizes.
Monday, Nov. 28, in Anderson Hall, Conservation and Natural Resources Dept., Mrs. Carl Storbeck, Chairman. Program to be announced. Hostesses: Mrs. Evelyn Geldzahler, Mrs. W. L. Jones, Mrs. H. B. Spencer ..... 1:00 p.m.

Men's Club—Tuesday, Nov. 29th, in Anderson Hall, Ladies' Night, presenting Mr. L. E. McCloy, in "Our Town," a Story of Chicago, with colored slides; interesting, informative, entertaining. Refreshments. Harlow D. Stevens, President, presiding ..... 8:00 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club—Sunday, November 6, from 4 to 6 p.m., Donation Tea. Musical program to be announced. Admission by a gift to the Bazaar ..... 4:00 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam*

Channing Club, 1st and 3rd Sundays, during Church Season, Anderson Hall ..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals, Every Sunday. New Members Welcomed ..... 9:30 a.m.

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